# MONTEREY NEWS

DECEMBER 1993


## THE TOWN

Wildlife Control Officer Dale Duryea met with the Selectmen to discuss the procedure for quarantine of cats suspected of rabies. On November 8 Duryea reported to the Board of Health that he was holding a potentially rabid cat that had bitten someone near Tyringham Rd. The cat was then kept for observation for ten days by Dr. Marge Gulick of Bilmar Veterinary Services, and is apparently not infected with rabies. However, Duryea has been unable to find the animal's owner, and has no place to take it. The veterinarian has offered to try to place the animal for adoption, but Duryea sought the Board's direction, should that solution not work out. The Board responded that under no circumstances should the cat be returned to Monterey unless its owner is found. Chair of the Board of Selectmen Georgiana O'Connell expressed concern over formulating policy in this matter; while she favored the humane decision to detain the animal for observation, O'Connell pointed out that if someone has been bitten by a rabid animal, treatment should begin immediately. But the Board does not favor beheading every stray cat that scratches someone. (Sending out the head of a suspected rabid animal for testing is the current method for diagnosing rabies.) The Board has decided that since this is an isolated incident, and the State and County have not yet issued guidelines regarding potentially rabid felines, there is no need as yet to formulate a policy.

P. MURKETT

*New catch basins for storm drains awaiting final blacktop, part of the subsurface work completed this fall in the town center.* *(See story on pp. 6 and 7.)*

Planning Board members Kim Hines, Maggie Leonard, and Chair Wayne Burkhart met with the Board of Selectmen to discuss revision of the ByLaws regarding camping in Monterey. The issue came up this past summer when some residents of the Point on Lake Garfield complained to the Selectmen about persons camping on an undeveloped lot near the lake. In response to that situation, the Selectmen recommended that they contact the Monterey Police Department, and report camping in violation of Zoning. The Police Department would then have issued an official citation, and reported the incident to the Building Inspector, who in turn would have issued a notice of violation of the Zoning ByLaw—but none of this took place in the situation under review, apparently because the camping ceased before the residents notified the Police Department.

It was unanimously agreed that this procedure seemed reasonable, and that it was unnecessary to revise the entire Zoning Bylaw to accommodate the single incident.

The Selectmen met with a group of town officials to discuss plans for meeting emergency situations that might arise. Present for the meeting were Fire Chief Ray Tryon, Chief of Police Gareth Backhaus, Enhanced 911 coordinator Maynard Forbes, Highway Superintendent Don Amstead, Civil Defense Director Tom Gillis and Tree Warden Roger Tryon. The group discussed the role of each official in emergency planning and response, dealing with incoming emergency calls, and who informs the appropriate officials. After talking over what might constitute a "state of

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***

I will meet with you at your home in Monterey.

emergency," it was agreed that the Highway Superintendent and the Chief of Police should be consulted before declaring an emergency, but that the "state of emergency" would be declared by the Board of Selectmen. Also under discussion was the establishment of a command post at the Monterey Firehouse in the event of an emergency, and equipment needed to facilitate communication among emergency officials (including two-way radios and telephone "call forward"). The details of the state of emergency, and the location of and telephone number of the emergency shelter will be provided to radio station WSBS and other public media by the person in charge of the command post. In addition, the group talked about locations for an emergency shelter stocked with provisions. Tom Gillis will look into possible sites, including the Monterey Schoolhouse. The 911 number, when it is instituted, will be used for all emergencies.

The Board reviewed the bids submitted for the purchase of a new photocopy machine. It was unanimously voted to purchase a Canon NP1500 with document feeder, sorter, and cabinet from Berkshire Graphics, Inc. of Pittsfield. The old copy machine was producing illegible copies, and no amount of doctoring from Town Secretary Mary Ellen Brown seemed to help, although she has been known to perform minor miracles in the past. The new machine works beautifully and everyone who works in the Town Offices is relieved to have a copy machine that functions properly. Selectman Peter Brown stated that in a town such as ours, which uses a lot of volunteer labor, and relies heavily on those in paid positions as well, we need a quality copy machine that can perform well and withstand a lot of use.

In other news of the Town Offices, the Board announced that the permanent list for substitute clerical work at the Town Offices now includes Barbara Swann, Kim Hines, Pat Amstead, and Jane Thorn.

The Board of Selectmen have been considering a proposal submitted several months ago by Board of Health member and Selectman Stefan Grotz, relating to the Board of Health. Grotz proposes that Tri-Town Sanitarian Peter Kolodziej be available in person on Monday mornings to perform the current Board of Health work he is paid to perform for the Town. Grotz also proposed that the Town Secretary be authorized to receive and log in all Disposal Works Construction Permit applications and to route these to Peter Kolodziej for his written recommendation to the Board of Health for approval of disapproval. Grotz also suggested that these applications, and other Board of Health issues that have been directed to the Board for review, be acted upon by the Board of Health at the regular Monday night meetings of the Board of Selectmen/Health. Grotz noted in his request that only ten of the thirty-two Berkshire towns and cities retain the system whereby the Board of Selectmen is also the Board of Health. The other twenty-two towns have a separate Board of Health. The Board discussed various aspects of the proposal, but no action was taken pending further discussion.

— Maggie Leonard

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## EPIDEMIC CONTINUES

Rabies remains a strong presence in the wild animal population of the Berkshires. The illness is caused by a virus that attacks the nervous system of mammals, and is spread by a bite or scratch from an infected animal. Untreated, it is always fatal.

In nearby New York State, authorities report seventeen confirmed cases of rabies among the state's estimated one million deer. Fifteen percent fewer hunting licenses have been sold this year, which some attribute to fear of the danger of contact with infected game.

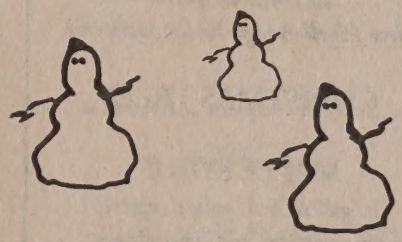
Dale Duryea reports the following recent incident: a Monterey resident out for a walk merely reached down to pet an unknown cat, and got a scratch on her leg for thanks. The scratch drew blood, so the cat had to be quarantined for ten days, and the walker had to receive treatment to protect her from possible rabies infection. This treatment involves a shot of immune gamma globulin and several subsequent shots of rabies serum. The gammaglobulin is "thick as honey," according to Dale (he's been immunized as part of his job), so you can imagine what a shot of that feels like. To avoid this unpleasantness, don't have any contact with wild or unknown animals, and be careful if your pet tangles with something wild. Wear rubber gloves in handling the pet, and get it to a vet as soon as possible.

Vaccinate your pets, don't let them run, and feed them indoors. Dazed, distressed, or otherwise abnormal behavior in any animal may be a sign of rabies. If your pet is bitten by a rabid animal, *and* it has a current rabies inoculation, it will get a booster shot and probably be okay, *but the pet has to be quarantined and inspected once a week for three months.*

If your pet is *not* currently inoculated, and is bitten by a rabid animal, authorities will ask that you put it down. If you refuse, the pet must remain in quarantine for *six months.*

Rabies causes great suffering. Sometimes the virus moves slowly through the bloodstream, to the spinal cord or brain, where the disease takes hold, so it's possible for an animal to be infected without showing symptoms for some time.

Dale Duryea (528-9335), Wildlife protection Officer in Monterey, and Martin Clark (528-6694), the Dog Officer in Great Barrington, are trained to deal with rabid animals. Call them at any time. Dale can also be reached by radio dispatch (1-292-8448), or (by touch tone only) at 1-800-8058—at the tone, dial your own number and hang up. Dale will then call back.



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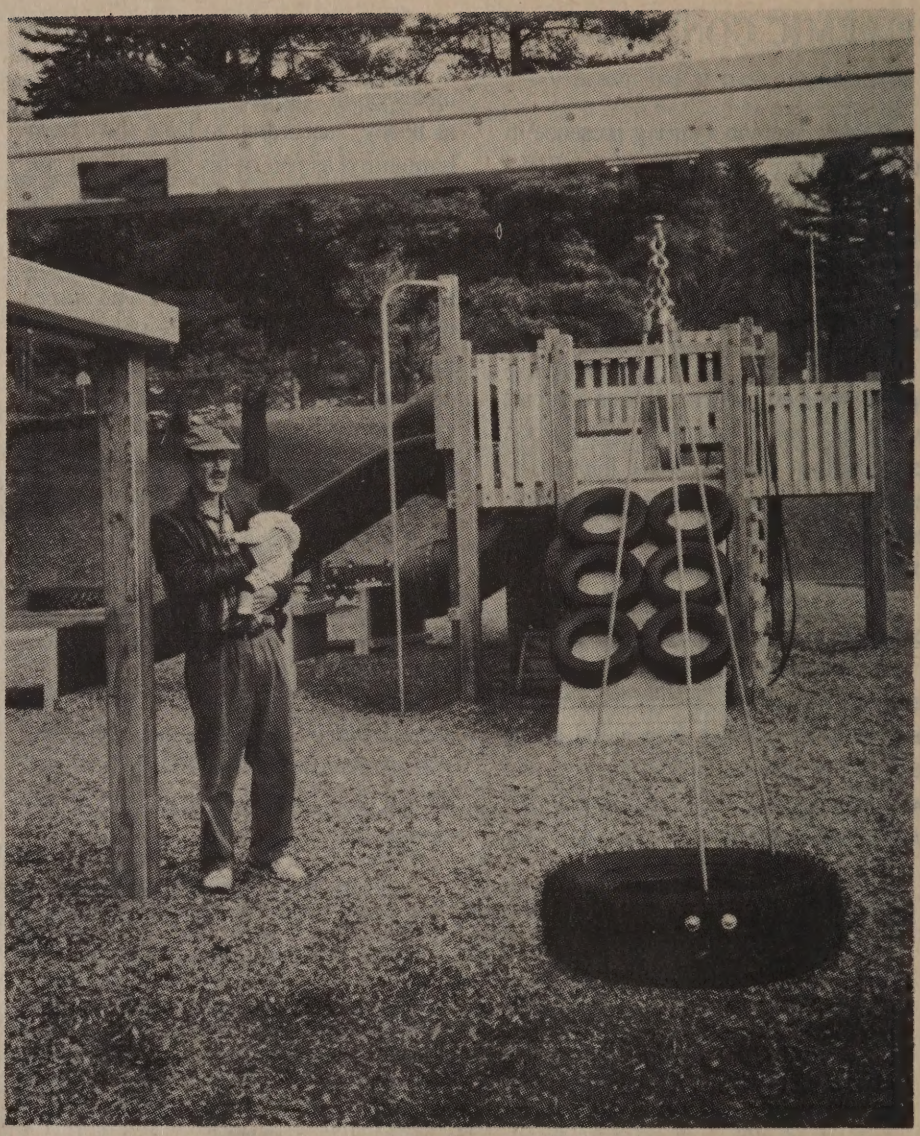

JULIE SHAPIRO

*Alan and Eloisa Dean researching playground equipment in Norfolk, Connecticut.*

## PLAYGROUND COMMITTEE

Monterey is a wonderful place to raise a family. A Monterey Playground Committee has recently begun meeting to make it even better for our active, growing children. We will be working with the Parks Commission to renovate the unsafe, inadequate, aging playground at Greene Park.

Committee members Alan Dean, Julie Shapiro, Karen Schulze, Tari Thomas, and Carol Edelman have been contacting playground equipment designers and manufacturers, and reviewing site, safety, and kid-appeal considerations. Several nearby playgrounds have been visited. Tom Rosenthal and the Parks Commission will guide us through the finance and Town Meeting processes. Eventually (summer 1994?), we'll need volunteer muscle, machinery, and good will.

The next meeting of the Monterey Playground Committee is scheduled for Thursday, December 2 at 6:30 p.m. If you are interested in lending support, wish top participate in design and evaluation, or just want to know more about this exciting town project, please call me at 528-0006.

— Carol Lewis Edelman

## CHILDREN'S HEALTH

With the end of another year in sight, we have several holiday activities planned. **December 6**, holiday workshop for toddlers. Egremont Playgroup, Congregational Church, Route 23, 9:30-11:30 a.m. **December 14**, Parent infant social. Santa photos will be taken. Simon's Rock College Gym, Great Barrington, 1-3 p.m. (Playgroup is in session for siblings.) **December 16**, Playgroup Christmas party. Santa Claus will visit, also snacks, games, stories, songs. Simon's Rock College Gym, 9:30-11:30 a.m. We welcome suggestions and volunteers for any of these events. To offer help, please call Claudette or Wendy.

A gift to all our supporters: Tomato Honey Bean Soup - Nancy Worthington. (This recipe was requested at our Hands At Work Fair.) Assemble these ingredients:

small bag of kidney beans, or 2 or 3 cans of kidney beans
2 large cans crushed tomatoes
2 1/4 tablespoons sesame seeds
2 carrots
1 onion
1 green pepper
Italian seasoning, salt, pepper
1/2 cup plus honey
1/4 to 1/2 cup light olive oil

Saute onions, pepper, carrots with salt and pepper for a few minutes. Add everything else and cook until the beans are soft or 1 1/2 hours if using canned beans. Hint: may need more salt than you'd expect, especially if dried beans are used. Dried beans make it thicken. ENJOY!

If you need some help in obtaining gifts or food for the holidays, consider contacting the following programs: Berkshire Eagle Santa Fund, deadline December 1; Children's Health Program; Community Services; K-Mart; Ames; Watson Fund; Local food programs.

Most of all, take care of yourself, and try not to get caught up in the holiday craziness. The following time saving tips were copied from *Growing Together* a publication of the Cornell Cooperative Extension. "The purpose of time management is not to cram more chores into our busy lives. It's to save on the mundane so we have time for what's really important. Read the following tips, then apply the ones that you like. 1. Set priorities. If you take on a new project, you'll have to give up something else, so decide what's important. 2. Learn to overlook dust. Don't waste time trying to be a perfect housekeeper. 3. Don't spend time when you're alone doing what you can do with others. For example, don't fold laundry when everyone's gone. That's the time to work on a personal project. 4. Not all convenience food is junk. Look for quick, nutritious meals and use them whenever you can. 5. Use the slow cooker and microwave whenever possible. 6. Tackle the toughest job you have now—then you won't have to waste time worrying about doing it later. 7. Remember the KISS principle: Keep it simple, stupid. The more stuff you collect, the more time you'll spend taking care of it. 8. Stash your iron in a closet. Only get it out when absolutely necessary. 9. Keep a list of errands and other shopping along with your grocery list. Do all your errands at one time." Relax and laugh at least once a day, no matter what!

— Claudette Callahan

## ROADS CLOSED FOR WINTER

Highway Superintendent Donald Amstead and the Selectmen have announced that the following roads or sections of roads will not be plowed or sanded from November 15, 1993 until April 1, 1994:

Brett Road
Carrington-Battelle Road
Chestnut Hill Road
Fairview Road
Gould Road
Mount Hunger Road
Swann Road
Wallace Hall Road
Wellman Road

## NOTICE

The Town of Monterey Transfer Station will be closed on Christmas Day, Saturday, December 25. The normal schedule will be in effect on Sunday, December 26.


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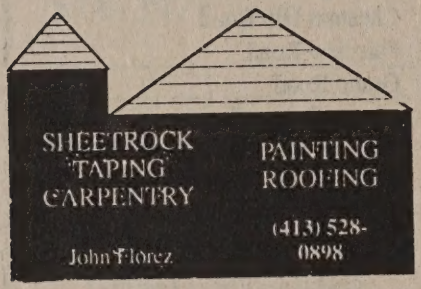


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P. MURKETT

*Earth-moving construction work sometimes generates archeological footnotes. This elm stump was dug up off the northwest corner of the Post Office. Main Road through the town center was once lined with elms. The tree was probably taken down when the Post Office was built in 1962. There also used to be a scale for weighing hay wagons between the General Store and Post Office. The stone walls built below grade to form a chamber for the hay scale mechanism were also excavated during the recent work. Shel Fenn remembers that this scale was also used to weigh loads of gravel after an argument erupted during Town Meeting one year over who was hauling exactly how much gravel for town road construction.*

## DIG IT

The town crew and Tryon Construction worked together digging up the center of town recently to lay new water lines for the Monterey Water Company, and new storm drains that will help keep the pavement there clear of water, snow, and ice.

The Monterey Water Company was formed in the years between 1917 and 1922. The Company dug a tiny reservoir with stones laid up on the banks, and poured a concrete dam to catch the abundant water from a spring near the Sandisfield Road on land owned by Delmor C. Tryon. Four-inch iron pipe carried this water by gravity feed to households as far away as Ellery Heath's farm, on the hill opposite the firehouse where Bynacks now live. A well was drilled in 1949 to supplement the water supply in dry times. The Monterey Water Company was owned by the Tryon, Heath, Miner, and Eaton families until 1969, when they sold out to the forty households served; each household bought a share of the Company for $150, and Richard D. Tryon sold them the land where the spring is located. Ownership of Water Company stock is now automatically transferred with the deeds of properties supplied with water. A seven-member Board of Directors meets five or six times a year, and there's an annual meeting of the entire Company once a year in May.

The user-owned Water Company built a pump house at the spring in 1969, and installed a 12,000 gallon storage tank above the spring. The water is now disinfected daily with chlorine, and tested once a month for bacteria and other contaminants. Water pressure in the town center runs around eighty psi. Replacement of the old four-inch iron pipe began in the early 1980s, and a new four-inch PVC line was laid from the

old package store (opposite Ernie Heath's house) back to the center of town. Four-inch line was also used along the beginning of New Marlborough Road. New six-inch pipe has now been laid all the way from the source to the center of town. The only remaining old iron pipe still to be replaced runs from the town center a few hundred yards up the Tyringham Road. This last bit of the big job may yet be completed this year, if the weather allows.

The subsurface storm drains in town that will carry runoff water through catch basins and pipe into the Konkapot were the work of Road Superintendent Don Amstead and the town crew, with machinery and manpower help from Tryon Construction.

With all this digging completed, resurfacing of Main Road can now take place without any worry about near-future disruption.

— Peter Murkett


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*This little box of a building, the first Town Library, stood where the Post Office is now. Behind it the Konkapot once widened into a tiny pond, good for skating in winter. Ray Tryon recalls that during floods the library was chained to trees to keep it from washing downstream. Bound books, you might say. In 1930, the present day Town Library was built, and this tiny structure became a caddy house on the golf course.*
*(Post card photo courtesy Monterey Historical Society.)*


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## MONTEREY GRANGE

Monterey Grange No. 291 met November 3 for a regular meeting and program. Members brought in the fund raiser tickets and articles for the food basket. Mary Wallace, delegate to the state grange session, gave an interesting and informative report.

Monterey Grange met next on November 10, hosting Berkshire South Pomona Grange No. 25 at Umpachene Grange Hall, due to repairs underway at the Monterey Grange Hall.

This construction work was the reason for moving the meeting on November 17 to the Monterey Congregational Church. There the theme of the program was Thanksgiving. The fund raiser was drawn, with winners as follows: Certificate, Monterey General Store, won by Josephine Oronsky of Great Barrington; Certificate, Ward's Nursery, won by Mary Wallace of Great Barrington; Certificate, Price Chopper, won by Kathryn Work of Tolland; Certificate, Domaney's Liquors, won by Paul Simonelli of Risingdale; groceries by Monterey Grange No. 291, won by Carl Jespersen of Mill River; fifty pounds of potatoes from Taft Farms, won by Frederick Slater of Sandisfield; tote bag by Anne Vickerman, won by Elizabeth Slater of Tyringham.

For the next meeting, December 1 at the Monterey Congregational Church, members are asked to bring articles for the Christmas cheer boxes. Thank you.

— Fraternally,
Mary Wallace, Lecturer

## COMMUNITY DINNER

Donna Burkhart shared her very lovely and personal poetry at the November Community Dinner. The thirty or so people who attended shared a reflective and peaceful evening, along with good food.

We traditionally do not hold the dinners in December and January. Also, I will be away during part of February and March, so it's an opportunity for any interested Monterey resident or group to sponsor a dinner. The open dates are February 8 and March 8. Last year, Muriel Lazzarini arranged a beautifully decorated program of Valentine games played by children and adults both. Perhaps we could do something like this again, as Valentine's Day is a special holiday for children; or maybe some other group has a program they would like to share.

Please let me know if you are interested. I have a page of notes describing what needs to be done. Call me at 528-1564 if you can do a dinner.

— Gige O'Connell

## *MONTEREY UNITED CHURCH OF CHRIST*

You who touched the mistletoe and made it glow
even as you claimed the holly berry with your joy,
You who made the trees of evergreen your sign
to deck the coming of a baby boy,
You who made the hearths hospitable to a saint
generous in his anonymity,
You who set wise men traveling, angels singing,
come set your seal this Christmas Day on me.

— Thomas Carlisle

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## CHURCH NEWS

How can it be December so soon? Winter already? Summer slipped by so fast. Autumn seemed to blink its colorful landscape and then, suddenly, the trees stood bare, the wind howled across the fields, snow flurries danced through the air, and now I shiver with winter's expectation.

But December brings more than just the winter season. The turn toward winter is a time of celebration that symbolizes a divine promise of hope. Ancient cultures marked the winter solstice as the rebirthing of light in darkness. Hanukkah commemorates a miracle of unfailing light. Christmas, the advent of the light of the world born as a child.

Recently I came across this quote from Woodie W. White: "I can hardly wait for Advent. I need to sing the songs of Christmas. My spirit longs to hear again the words of hope and peace." With all the commercialization and materialism of modern day Christmas, it seems to me that there is a joyful ritual that pulls us back to the essential truth of what this season is all about—the songs of Christmas! Even the secular songs of Christmas (*Deck the Halls, White Christmas*, etc.) convey the message that this is no ordinary time of year. And certainly the Christian Christmas carols point to the source of our joy—*Joy to the World, Hark! The Herald Angels Sing, Silent Night, Holy Night, What Child is This?*

I agree with Mr. White. I, too, need to sing the songs of Christmas. How about you? What would December be without *Angels We Have Heard on High, O Come, All Ye Faithful, O Little Town of Bethlehem, The First Noel.* Let's keep Rudolph and Frosty and Jolly Old St. Nicholas in their rightful place—background music at the shopping mall—but let's listen anew to the profound meaning in the true Christmas carols. And where can you sing them? Why, at church of course, every Sunday morning in December. And at our special Christmas concert on Monday night, December 13 with Vikki True and Amaryllis. And at the Aerie's Christmas open house on Saturday, December 18, 4 - 7 p.m. (You bring the spirit of Christmas, and we'll supply the hot soup, wassail punch, and goodies—everyone is invited!)

But the best time of all to sing is our Christmas Eve Carol and Candlelight Service at 7 p.m. on December 24. It doesn't matter how well you sing, but rather how enthusiastically you sing. The psalmist advises us to make a joyful *noise* unto the Lord. So even if you can't carry a tune in a bucket, we won't turn you away.

Let's all sing the songs of Christmas. Woodie White's reflection continues: "There will come a day, I pray, when the Christmas spirit will touch so deeply in the hearts of humankind that it will be sustained beyond a season, so that the songs of Christmas will become the deeds of daily living." What can you add to that, but—AMEN! Merry Christmas and Happy Hanukkah, friends.

— Cliff Aerie

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PS: We have a Golden.

## WHITEMAN ERA REMEMBERED

The South Advocate, a free weekly Berkshire newspaper, always has the doings of the local arts world. Since mid July the Williams College Arts Museum has been showing a selection of memorabilia from the Paul Whiteman Archives. Most people who have listened to American popular music in the first half of the twentieth century have been touched by this man's music. Maybe those born later know him only by reading or hearsay.

Paul Whiteman led a dance and recording orchestra in the first three decades of the century. In 1924 at Aeolian Hall in New York City he attempted to blend popular and classical music—Gershwin's *Rhapsody in Blue* on the same program as *San* and *Love Nest*. He had favorable reviews.

When the Jean Goldkette Orchestra disbanded in 1927, Paul hired most of the men for his own band, notably Bix Beiderbecke and Frank Trumbauer. The Rhythm Boys, Crosby, Rinker, and Barris, did most of the male singing. It was the start of a fifty year career for Bing Crosby. Mildred Bailey and Ramona were the female voices. Miss Bailey was half of Mr. and Mrs. Swing with her husband Red Norvo, who still performs today, although Mildred is gone.

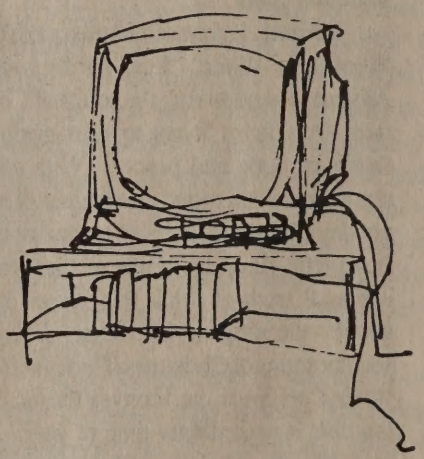
The Bix Beiderbecke legend was off and going when he entered the band. A few recordings and the music world was agog. *Love Nest. Honey, 'Tain't So, Honey, 'Tain't So. From Monday On. Louisiana. Coquette. Lovable. Melancholy Baby.* These and more in one year. Unfortunately, his addiction to alcohol had its results, and he didn't survive. Twenty-eight years old.

Whiteman's title "The King of Jazz" was not true. Music then was classical, or lumped as jazz, hence the title. His 1930 Universal Studio film was called "King of Jazz." It was the first technicolor motion picture with popular music, jazz, and again, *Rhapsody in Blue*. His father was a classical music conductor and had no use for other types of music. Paul himself had vowed to make jazz a Lady. Roy Bargy, Ferde Grofé (of *Grand Canyon Suite* composer credit), and Lennie Hayton (Lena Horne's husband) were his pianists and arrangers, along with Bill Challis, also a top arranger.

His roster of musicians included the Dorsey brothers (Tom and Jimmy), Henry Busse, Matty Matlock, Frank Trumbauer, Mike Pingatore, Charlie Margulis, Bill Rank, Charles Strickfaden, Jack Fulton, Red Nichols, the Teagarden brothers, Harry Goldfield—all stars.

Replaying the Victor 78s is a true trip into Nostalgia Land. Perhaps some people reading this actually danced to the band, which played hotels, night clubs, and the college circuit prior to World War II.

— Borneo Johnson



## THE BIDWELL HOUSE

Come celebrate the upcoming holidays at The Bidwell House! On Saturday, December 4, the museum will hold its annual Holiday Open House for museum members, 2 - 5 p.m. Members get a sneak preview of the fabulous decorations, and holiday cookies and punch will be served. Despite a ton of snow, the party last year was a huge success. Don't miss it this year!

The museum will also be open to the general public on December 5, 12 noon - 4 p.m. Regular admission will be charged for this event. If you missed seeing the museum this summer, this is your last opportunity before next May.

Special thanks to Robert Kuhner, who organized the holiday decorations for the second year in a row. We will again have

a colonial theme in keeping with the period of The Bidwell House—although Reverend Bidwell and his family would not have celebrated Christmas. Eighteenth century Congregationalists continued the practice of their Puritan ancestors, who did not celebrate the holiday in order to distance themselves from the religious practice in England.

Finally, a big Thankyou! to the volunteers who made our Halloween hay rides such a success: Laurel Tewes as the Grim Reaper, Andy Matlow as Dracula, Larry Bingham as the Scarecrow, Lisa Snook as the Sorceress, Jim Wert as the Gorilla, Steve Snyder as the Silver Fox, Jeff Brace as the Revolutionary War Soldier, Tobiah, Anna, Isaac Bingham, and Ken Zogry as the Ghoulish Diners, Deborah Bingham, Jon McClaren, and Chris Sink as the Carriage Barn Helpers, and those from Norfolk Horse and Carriage Livery who provided the rides. Seventy adults and children had a ghoulishly good time.

— Lisa Simpson

LISA SIMPSON

*Inside The Bidwell House at Christmastime*

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## CHRISTMAS PRESENT

*I placed pointed three-inch pines*
*green, sprayed white, sprinkled with silver, standing on wooden disks*
*in clusters around the Christmas crèche each winter in childhood*
*shifted groves from right to left*
*played god of ersatz growing things*
*of sheep and shepherds, camels and kings*
*orchestrated all events pertaining to the birth in Bethlehem*
*controlled the outcome like a good girl*
*made amends for all my failures*
*teased the tension into some semblance of balance*
*harmonized with angels trading peace for good intentions.*

*When I let go*
*drummed to despair by the chatter clatter clamor in my mind,*
*the Bethlehem babe brought me here to the Berkshires*
*where the trees are well-rooted*
*well-watered with runoff from real snow*
*where my Christmas crib stays up all year*
*lit by a Buddha supporting a starfish*
*meditating on the beauty of his infinite*
*infant Brother who sleeps surrounded by*
*gifts — rose quartz, round nautilus nestled in straw*
*two perfect porcelain parents*
*one cow and a donkey*
*no sheep, shepherds, kings or camels, only*
*one young woman, also porcelain, imported,*
*a basket of oranges cradled in her arms*
*and one ten-inch paper pine bought on a ski trip to New Hampshire*
*which stands at rest to the right of one pressed violet*
*along with a card which says,*
*"All of your past but its beauty is gone*
*and nothing remains but a blessing."*

— MaryKate Jordan

## GROWING

*The hell I knew had human eyes*
*angels that were demon-wise*
*pain to beauty, beauty's pain*
*rounded wisdom round again*
*love came down in hate's disguise.*

*Life it is that never dies*
*love it is that tries and tries*
*child and devil, devil's child*
*innocent and running wild*
*stropped for seizing heaven's prize.*

*When hell is selling, heaven buys*
*when hell is telling, heaven lies*
*we struggle dreaming struggle's dreams*
*and reaching where our wisdom gleams*
*the child within us cries and cries.*

— A. O. Howell

## ENIGMA

*My first is in cat, not in dog; my second is in horse, not in cow.*
*My third is in ewe, not in hog; my fourth is in swine but not in sow,*
*and my last is in rabbit, not in lamb.*
*Now can you tell me what I am?*

— Eleanor Kimberly

Find the letters that spell the answer, hidden elsewhere in this issue.

## WATCHING THE SNOW MACHINE

*An idea takes place in a fossil shell,*
*takes place in a memory space,*
*inside a paw print found in the snow,*
*a solitary snow print of an unnameable animal,*
*who changed his course*
*rather than approach*
*the snow machine.*

*The compressor roars an unbreaking inhalation.*
*The snow machine casts a brilliant curtain*
*of contaminated ice, a glamorous blanket,*
*refracting the mercury vapor lights.*
*Gleaming sperm, sticking to itself, accruing shape,*
*a brilliant curtain,*
*a two part epoxy of light and sound,*
*that fixes us in its trackless drift.*

— Mark Mendel

## INNER CIRCLE

*my mind goes back*
*to deep blue salt dishes*
*spaced on white linen*

*supported by silver feet*
*of birds they hold*
*mounds of crystals*

*they are the color of high*
*occasion shape of holy*
*season fond reunion*

*inside the circle of gold-*
*rimmed plates the tall*
*goblets that ring*

*mercury of my father's wit*
*skips in their glass*
*my mother's laughter*

*long talk resounds*
*within their blue of ancient*
*days of promised lands*

*now I dare not*
*lift the tiny spoon*
*that spills and spills again*

— Royal Shepard

Reprinted by permission of the author from *Time's Pickpocket*, published in 1993 by University Editions, West Virginia.

# WELCOMING THE WOLF

We have been home a week from our great western camping trip and the car is unpacked. Our memorabilia eddy around the house, still searching for permanent display spots, still easing our reentry to the life we really live, which is eastern and non-vacation.

There is sagebrush on the kitchen table and a little pile of stones from the Green River in Wyoming. Joe's watercolor sketches are pinned to our log walls, reminding us of mighty big landscapes and western mountain color schemes. The kids have new black hats and earrings and I have stacks of books and postcards. I am reading about wolves and looking at a postcard I bought in Yellowstone. It shows two long, tall grey wolves in snow, with sun on their flanks and dark evergreens beyond. They are looking at the camera and they must have been nosing in the snow for rabbits or mice because their muzzles are snowy up to the eyes. The caption reads: "Grey Wolf Pair (*Canis lupus*) Yellowstone National Park." I bought it the day we got there thinking, "So, this proves it—the wolves are back in Yellowstone!"

As it turns out, the card was about as authentic as the little beaded belt we got in the same store for Cora. It says "Yellowstone" also and was made in Taiwan. Must be belts are subject to some kind of fair labelling laws which do not apply to postcards. It was an old friend in Bozeman, Montana who set me straight about the wolves.

"Huh," she snorted. "Where 'd you get this thing? It sure is misleading. The only wolf to get even close to Yellowstone lately was shot, of course." She told me there have been some wolves moving down into Montana from Canada, in Glacier National Park, but it is a long way from there to Yellowstone and it is a path beset with the same anti-wolf sentiments which resulted in the extermination of wolves from the lower forty-eight states in the first place.

Fear and hatred of wolves have persisted through the generations, with people still seeing them as dangerous to livestock, game animals, and even to people. We saw many an anti-wolf bumper sticker as we drove through the western states, and I began to realize there was a lot I didn't know about wolves and people both.

The 1982 amendments to the Endangered Species Act provide for reintroduction of endangered or threatened species into areas they formerly inhabited. In 1986 the federal government proposed reintroduction of the gray wolf to three areas in the western Rockies where it once occurred naturally: northwestern Montana, in and around Glacier Park; northwestern Wyoming (the Yellowstone area); and central Idaho.

During the seven years since the initial proposal, scientists have been making plans and holding public hearings, getting ready to decide how to proceed. Pro and con wolf factions have been printing up bumper stickers, taking out ads, shouting at each other, and worse. Meanwhile, some wolves moved south from Canada into Montana of their own accord, thereby reintroducing themselves into one of the designated areas, which was a good thing for them because these wolves are protected (safe as any of us is, these days) by law. They are a wild population of an endangered species.

In the two remaining wolfless areas, Idaho and Yellowstone, the "preferred" reintroduction proposals offered by the Fish and Wildlife Service would establish "experimental populations" subject to various controls and managements not allowed on natural or wild populations. Specifically, the plan will not put any land-use restrictions on wolf-inhabited areas, and will allow wolves to be shot, even on public lands, if they attack cattle. I see this "preferred" plan as a compromise designed to be the least unpreferred by the most people. By October next year the government agency will have considered all sorts of responses to their Draft Environmental Impact Statement, made a decision about how to bring back wolves, and begun doing it.

Earlier this century, people identified the wolf with the devil, used wolves in moralistic tales to frighten their children into good behavior, and killed nearly all the wolves in the country. Now we wear the wolf on our t-shirts, our totebags and baseball hats to show our love of wild things. I think the wolf will soon be brought back to Yellowstone and my postcard will tell a true story to the tourists like me who may buy it. But for the local western people, the story of wolf reintroduction is already a complicated one which divides houses and makes people afraid and angry. Out in the Rockies, the intensity of the heat waves rising around the wolf-issue is such that us cool easterners are likely to click our tongues and say, "Tut, tut. Can all this really be about *wolves* per se? Or have we a deeper issue here."

I think the western rancher would look at the sagebrush on our table and say, "That's sagebrush, and wolves are wolves, and neither one is good for cows." I wouldn't argue with that. Sometimes you have to make tough choices.

— Bonner J. McAllester

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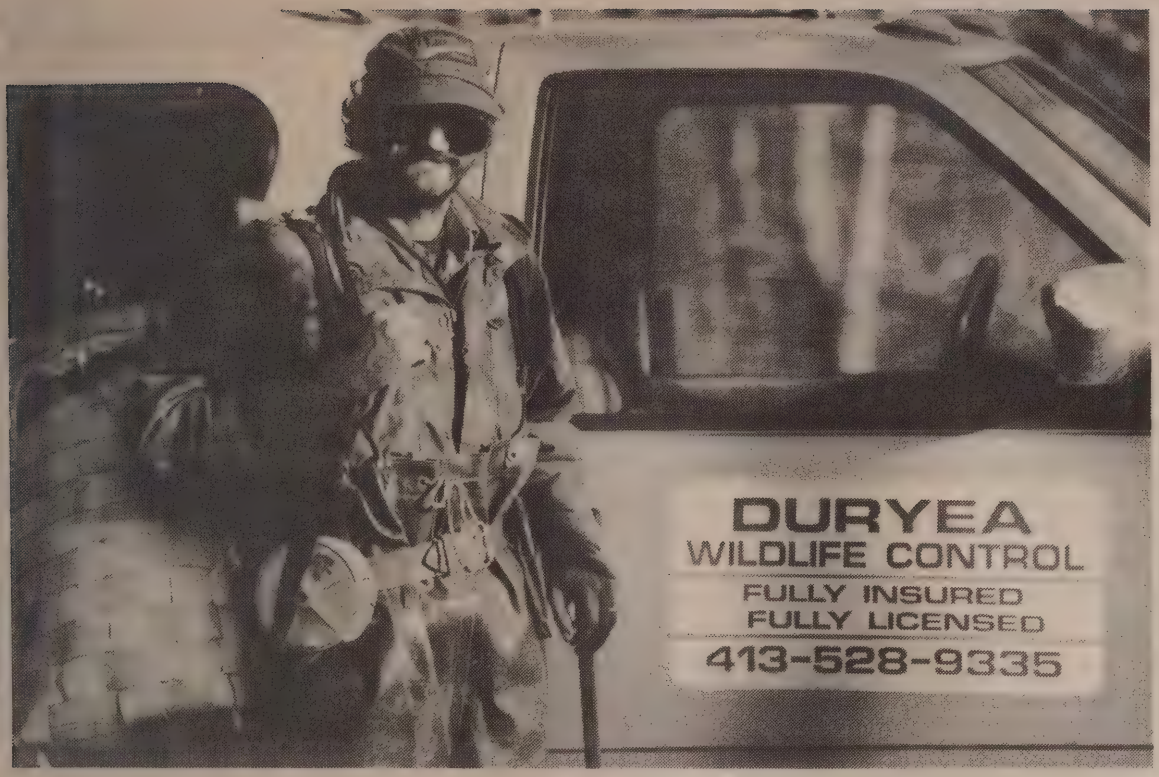



TOM ROSENTHAL

*It's the clash of terms in the title that's really wild—but we all know what is meant, more or less. Dale knows better than any of us. He walks the boundary between domestic and wild life day in, day out. Here he is outfitted for trapping beaver.*

# WILDLIFE SURVEY

## Mammals

Art Hastedt's son in law, visiting from Virginia, saw a large black bear cross the road near the Hastedt place. Another, over 300 pounds, was shot two weeks ago in Lee; it didn't stay away when scared off. There have been several sightings of deer. Bonner McAllester and Sudi Baker had some excitement when they were out riding recently: their horses suddenly shied for no apparent reason, and then a doe leaped across Hupi Woods Road in front of them.

Jay Amidon saw a red fox across from Roadside Store, and Dale Duryea saw a very large coyote in a field by Fairview Road. He has trapped four big beavers in areas where low-lying roads were in danger of flooding. One taken from Rawson Brook weighed over eighty pounds.

A splendid red fox was seen twice last week cruising the margin of Lake Garfield, apparently eating shellfish exposed by the drawdown. However, the muskrats are in trouble from what Dale feels is excessive drawdown. He is afraid they will be frozen out this winter, and thinks there should be an environmental study to determine whether weed control has truly occurred, and to consider the whole picture, including damage to wildlife.

David McAllester saw a mink attack a muskrat in the McAllester pond. There was a great splash, after which the mink departed and the muskrat sat by the shore for nearly an hour recovering his equilibrium, then swam off.

There have been sporadic raccoon sightings, and Dale has had to cope with a few rabid ones. An unclaimed cat scratched someone near the town beach, and had to be quarantined. It turned out to be in good health, but its owner has not been found. (See related stories on pages 1 and 3.)

## Birds

From Gould Farm, Loul MacIntosh sent this list: house finch, goldfinch, tufted titmouse, junco, chickadee, bluejay, white crowned sparrow, white throated sparrow, pine siskin, evening grosbeak, downy woodpecker, hairy woodpecker, cardinal, Savannah sparrow, mourning dove, white breasted nuthatch, rosebreasted nuthatch, red winged blackbird, and bluebird.

Dale Duryea saw egrets (!) and a great blue heron on Lake Garfield, and the Amidons also saw a heron. They saw a ruffed grouse in full display, and they had thirteen doves at their feeder at one time. Several people, including Conrad Ohman and the McAllesters, have seen turkeys. Dick and Barbara Tryon add ravens to the list, a pair of grosbeaks all summer, and a flock recently; also a pair of cardinals. Their big news goes back to September, when they heard whippoorwills at Lowland Farm. Oldtimers will remember that they were common until the early forties, then vanished in the big DDT wipeout. The only other report I've had of whippoorwills came from Bonner McAllester and Joe Baker in 1975-76!

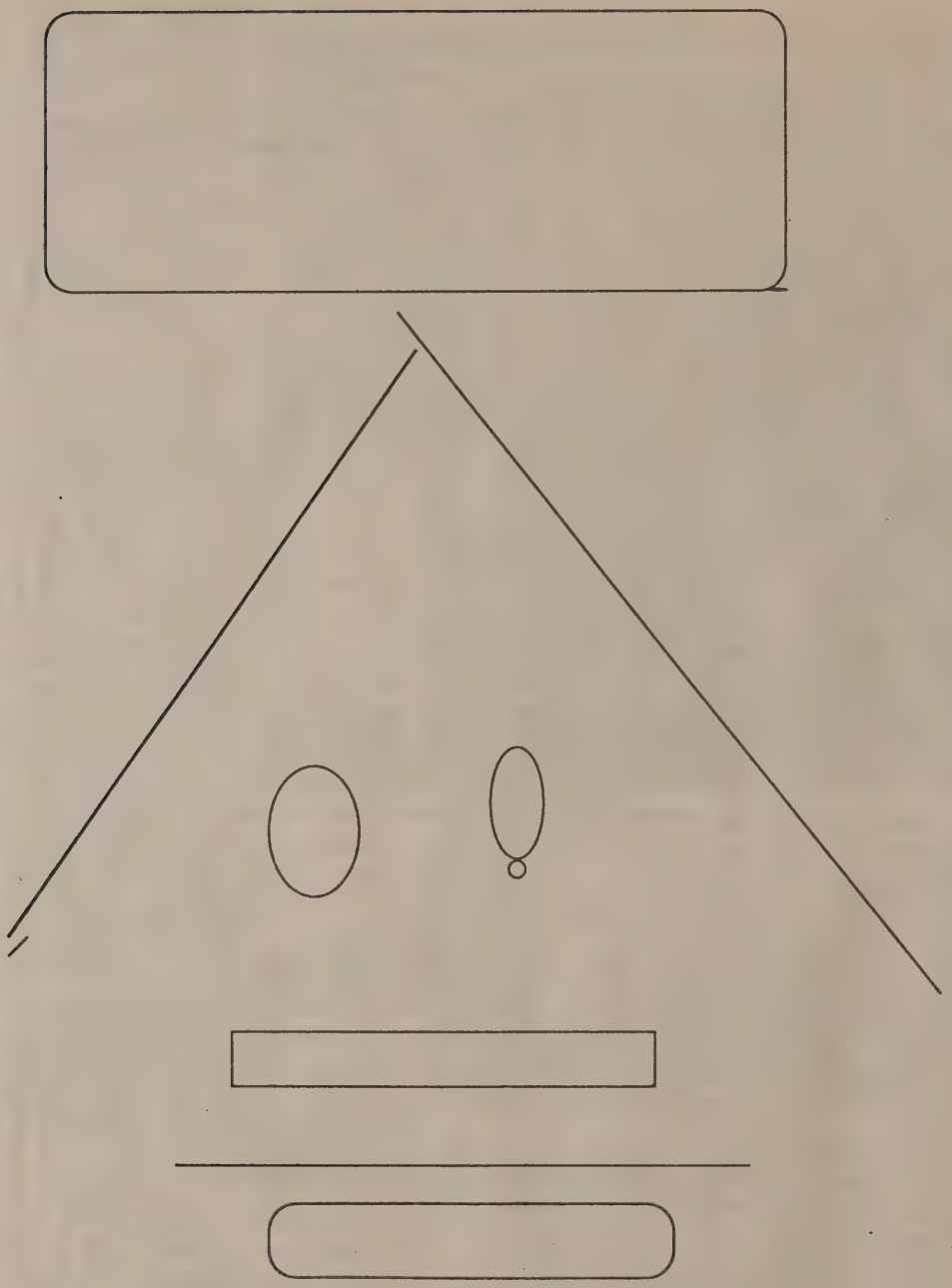
## Plants

It's all closed down for the winter, except that there are bright orange and red leaves on the wild strawberries, and on blackberry and raspberry stalks close to the ground.

## Insects

On the warm days in November there have been gnats dancing in the sunlight and a few moths fluttering about. The latter seem to be barely alive, but we know they have survived more ice ages than we have!

— David P. McAllester



## THE OBSERVER - OCTOBER

This paragraph occurs toward the end of James Salter's novel *Light Years*, in a passage describing the death of the novel's herooine:

The leaves had come down, it seems, in a single night. The prodigious arcade of trees in the village gave them up quickly; they fell like rain. They lay like runs of water along the melancholy road. In the turning of seasons they would be green again, these great trees. Their dead branches would be snapped away, their limbs would quicken and fill. They would again, in addition to their beauty, to the roof they made beneath the sky, to their whispering, their slow, inarticulate sounds, the riches they poured down, they would, besides all this, give scale to everything, a true scale, reassuring, wise. We do not live as long, we do not know as much.

October this year had weather with perfect autumnal drama. Early in the month a warm spell lasting for days came along at the very moment of color in the trees, inviting picnics under the warm sun with the dusty smells of drying grasses and leaves everywhere in the hazy air. Then there was talk in the forecasts of sharp cold on its way, and it arrived after dark on a Saturday, with rain driven by turbulent winds that brought down piles of leaves and plastered them to the shiny roads. (Our observer notes that on that day, the ninth, the cold front dropped the temperature 20°, from 75° to 55°, in less than one hour.) On distant hills the colors turned darker, the dull orange of the oak leaves going brown, hanging on. The scratchy architecture of trees became visible, the woods were open. Bare branches once again combed the wind to a roar. The days got colder and darker until on Halloween, last day of the month, we turned back the clocks and watched the sun disappear over the hill by four in the afternoon. November came in with rain and snow from thick, grey clouds close above the grey trees. The tamaracks turned to gothic cones of golden fuzz, and it was over.

We've lost the habit of weather so perfectly seasonal. Recent years leave an impression of weather that confounds the notion of seasons—cold in the summer, winter rain. This time, in the transitional season, when anything at all can happen, we got pure autumn, and it sure was nice. Numerically, it went like this:

| | |
|---|---|
| High temp (10/8) | 75° |
| Low temp. (10/11) | 21° |
| Avg. high temp. | 59° |
| Avg. low temp. | 39° |
| Avg. temp. | 49° |
| Monthly norm. (Pitts.) | 48.4° |
| Precip. occ. | 10 days |
| Total precip. | 4.22" rain |
| Monthly norm. (Pitts.) | 3.26" |
| High bar. press. | 30.51 |
| Low bar. press. | 29.67 |
| High humidity (10/9) | 100% |
| Low humidity (10/13) | 50% |
| Avg. wind speed | 12 mph |
| High wind gust (10/4) | 45 mph |

We note that our weather was significantly unlike Pittsfield's in October. We had rain on ten days, compared to their fourteen; our rainfall total was half an inch less than that up north, although temperatures varied little. Most notably, the weatherman there characterized the month as "wet, chilly, and disappointing." He said it moved along fast to "a dreary, November-like, tired, ugly brown display." Lucky us.

[Passage quoted from the novel *Light Years*, by James Salter, North Point Press, San Francisco, 1982, pp 302-303.]

# ON THE ROAD AGAIN

## Leaving Home

This is my birthday. WHERE AM I? Parked in front of a Phillips 66 station in Hendersonville, N. C., replacing a carburetor. I left on Tuesday, in my camper-pulling Toyota after a final dentist appointment in Avon, Conn., about noon. Raining cats and dogs. The color of the trees was magnificent—better in Mass., almost as good in Conn., fading gradually as I went farther south—but very pretty all the way.

Across the Hudson River I saw a sign for a KOA park. It was cold, it was rainy. I wanted warmth, hot food, and the clean sheets of my bed. A luxurious night at the KOA, with a good Goldie Hawn movie in the clubhouse.

Next morning, back to good hard traveling! Into Penn. I saw a big sign painted on a rock: "The killer bees are gay." Fog settled in. . .two hours of it. Nature's nemesis for drivers! Trucks don't care. They keep to their eighty mph. I *pray* they will see a lonely little camper with lights blazing, going so slowly. They pull out around me. To pass the time I listen to the local radio: rodeo tomorrow. . .man pulled in for drunken driving last night. . .church dinner with kiddies free tonight.

Up, up, up into Scranton, onto I-81, more up, up, up. The trucks on the flat make a run for it, for the hill ahead. I do the same. Into Virginia—so tidy. Green fields, white fences. There's a town called Monterey, Virginia (near Staunton). I must be Down South, because in a Texaco station the menu in the deli says, "Breakfast Special: one catfish, two eggs and biscuits, fried apples, or two eggs, biscuits, grits, and pork tenderloin."

A long day. Rain on and off. I parked for the night between two semi-fours at a 76 Truck Stop. You're not allowed to eat at the truck drivers' counter, so I ate my Maryland crab cakes at a small table. Back at the camper, my little gas heater really didn't keep us warm. Fully clothed, dogs in their sweaters, we huddled together in the blankets. Even the cat sat on my stomach.

Then the longest and most horrendous day of my life began! Virginia has a lot of high mountains. Mountains mean foothills. Up and down, seventy on the straightaway, twenty-five on the hills. I see Hungry Mother State Park and Scratch Gravel Road. Just before Knoxville, Tenn., tired to the bone after ten hours, I called Jean and Stew Stowell in N. C. "I'll see you in another two hours." (I didn't.)

Turning east on I-40 to go over the Smoky Mountains—lovely scenery, but in my tired state, trying to keep awake, I had no mind to look around and down. "Keep going, Joan. Gotta beat the dark!" Sliding down into Asheville, N. C., the sun was almost gone. Turning south on 26, I tried to think how I got to Jean and Stew's before. It was total dark before I got to the turn. Oh no! It was all different. They were working on the road. Detours, yellow lights everywhere. I *tried* to do it right, then I saw a sign. I had missed the turn! I knew it would be twelve miles before I could get off, and come back. The turnpike was now down to two narrow lanes. The Friday night drivers were hell bent, coming at me in the other lane with their lights on high. I COULDN'T SEE A THING! I couldn't get off. The drivers behind me were leaning on their horns. I was going *too* slow. Pulling a car, and the five anxious animals crowded into the other seat, looking at me. I couldn't shut my eyes and make it go away. "If I make the twelve miles, I'm going to get out of the car and not get back in for a long time."

I found the exit and got off. Stopping for the light, my motor died (it never does that!) and had trouble starting again. Oh no! At a gas station I called Jean. "Come back, Joan. I have your dinner all ready!" I said, "Give me some time to walk the dogs and think it out." The girl called a park around there. I could stay there overnight. She said getting back is easy, the first exit will put you on 25. (Could I go through that horrid two lanes again?) I was in the boondocks, nobody to look at my car. I called Jean. "I'm coming!"

Back on the road I turned my radio up high so I wouldn't hear the horn-honking. I turned off on 25. But a sign said 25 *North*. I wanted 25 *South*. No place to turn around (car behind) until I got into Hendersonville. The motor was quitting every time I slowed down. I saw The Pantry with a big parking lot. I drove in and circled around way over on the side (out of the way) and parked, ready to go out. I didn't care what The Pantry was. This was the end of the line. "I'm not going to budge!"

After calming down I went in. A grocery store that sells gas. OPEN 24 HOURS—that's lucky! I bought food, heated it in their micro-oven. While I ate I talked to the gal, sizing her up (I wanted a compassionate one). Yeah, twelve hours on the road. Something wrong with my motor. Would call a friend who lives here. She said the owner (man) would come at eleven to man the store. I called Jean. "Joan, can you stay there all night?" I almost lied. "Things will be okay. Will call you in the morning." Back to my camper. Sneaked the four dogs out for their walk. Kids boomed in and out to get beer or gas or popcorn. . .I watched them as they whizzed by me. Nobody came close to worry me. I tried to stay awake until eleven to see what was going to happen. The girl might say to her boss, "There's a woman out in that camper, she's waiting for a friend." Or she might say, "Shall I call the cops?" Why does your car always break down on a weekend? I gave my animals dinner, watching cars come in and go out. Why oh why did I get myself into this pickle?

At eleven-twenty the girl came out, looked around and went directly to her car. Nobody else came out, so I closed my eyes for a dreamless sleep, while the cars came and went.

Next morning I went in for coffee and a bun. I asked the very nice gentleman where there was a gas station with a mechanic on duty on a Saturday? "There's one that the tow trucks go to. I'll call them for you." I thanked him for the coffee and bun and his call, and went on my way. It was the carburetor. "The man who does carburetors will be in on Monday." (My birthday.)

I followed Stew home. I had a delightful two days with them hooked up outside their big mill. On my way to a Democratic dinner with Stew and Jean, I stopped at my home away from home, The Pantry. The girl said, "How are you? How is your camper? I told my boss you were a very nice lady, alone in that camper with a broken motor. He said he would look out for you!"

— Joan Woodard Reed

*Jim and Tari Thomas with their daughters Darah, Macey, and Carly.*

## WHO'S WHO IN MONTEREY

### The Thomas Family

Tari and Jim Thomas are Berkshire people born and bred. Tari grew up in Lenox and went to Lenox High School, and Jim grew up in Stockbridge and went to Monument Mountain High School. They both attended Mass at the chapel at Cranwell and knew each other there—in fact, Tari played with Jim's younger brothers. But when she was a freshman at Leslie College and he was a senior at the University of New England in Biddeford, Maine, he noticed that she was a grown young woman, and discovered that they had a lot of interests in common. Their first date was a cave exploration trip in 1980.

While Tari was finishing her BS at Leslie, with a major in education and a minor in art, Jim was a commercial scuba diver. He worked for a company based in the Bronx, doing underwater work for oil rigs off the coast of Maine, for New York City's West Side Highway, and for bridge construction in several places. He also lived in Hawaii for three months and discovered what it's like in a community where he was very much in the ethnic minority. Tari also had three months abroad in this period: she was a student teacher in England, where she found that both students and parents were very respectful of teachers. When she graduated in 1983, she and Jim got married and went to Maine to teach. Jim taught math at Durham Junior High School, and Tari taught everything at the Naples Elementary School, fifty miles away.

After four years of teaching in Maine and the advent of their first baby (Carly, 1986), they decided they wanted to bring up their children near the many members of their much loved families. They then had the great good luck to find teaching jobs in Lenox, and the house where they now live in Monterey. Tari teaches second grade at the Cameron School in Lenox, and has started a career of giving workshops for teachers on "whole language strategies," teaching with literature. She studied weekends to earn her MA at Leslie, completing a Master's project on the history of Lenox. Jim taught math at Lenox Memorial High School until moving this year to Mount Everett Middle School, where his eclectic interests have had full rein with computers, general science, math, construction, physics, and whatever else he wants to do.

What, you may ask, do these people do in their spare time? Jim has worked for building contractors from the time he was in high school, got his license long ago, and is now a builder summers, weekends, and nights to help make ends meet. Their house, the Hall house at the old Avalon School, is a part of this construction work, and shows a master's hand in new floors, general redesigning, and elegant plastering that sets off the rugged surfaces of old beams.

He has also been a collector all his life: stamps, coins, sea shells, hockey cards, and, for twenty-five years, antique bottles. He and Tari are fascinated by history and old maps, and they are both map makers. One of Tari's current projects is an historical map of Lenox with drawings of the old buildings, and legends placing them in the town's history. Their office is papered with maps, old and new, of the Berkshires. Jim made one of the new ones, which shows house sites he has explored, and old houses of historical interest in Monterey.

The antique glassware collection is a major interest. They have gone on bottle digs together since before they were married. There are 8,000 pieces, mostly bottles, in their collection, most of them housed in a special structure built for the purpose. Some 200 are on shelves or in handsome cabinets in the Thomas home. Perhaps their prize is an 1820 inkwell, the only one known in just that shade of green. Or perhaps it's the 1840 medicine bottle from Rockport, New York, of a rare emerald green. There are tall fluted bottles for pickles, bottles made to contain poison, with a bumpy surface to warn a person in the dark, a whiskey flask with swirling parallel lines you never see on a bottle today. Jim has lectured widely on the history and human interest revealed in the collection. He is a member of the Berkshire Antique Bottle Collector's Association, and has been chairing the Antique Bottle Show for several years.

Then there is the Monterey Parks Commission. Before he joined the Commission five years ago, Jim had already asked about setting up a hockey rink for Monterey. The rink, as we all know, came into existence and has improved every year. Now there is money in hand and building under way which will make ours a truly first-rate skating facility. The Monterey Cup is already inscribed with the names of several winning teams in the annual, amiable competition.

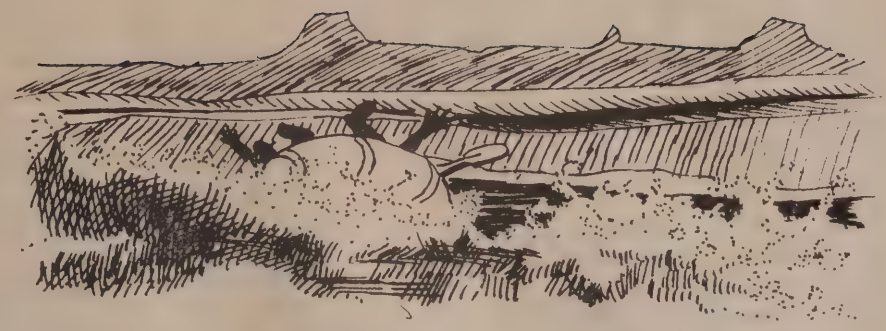
The Monterey Town Beach is another concern of the Parks Commission which has grown more attractive and useful every

year, with much help from Jim. Same story with the redesigned ball field in Greene Park. And now Tari is on the Playground Committee, ably led by Carol Edelman. The Committee is planning a children's activity center with several different play structures.

Two more children have joined the family: Darah in 1989, and Macey in 1992. Jim kept house weekends while Tari was working for her MA, and Tari sometimes tends the children while Jim and some of his skating friends explore caves. Wayne Dunlop, Mick Burns, Jed Lipsky, and Tom Rosenthal are among these adventurers. Both Thomases continue to find delight in this underground rock climbing where there is the added thrill of being enclosed, in the dark, with secret chambers in awesome shapes and sizes, among underground streams and waterfalls, with the sense of time completely suspended.

In Monterey and its environs the Thomases have found the perfect venue for their great energy and many interests. Our town is lucky to have the presence and the services of this new generation of movers and shakers, and the feeling is mutual: "We thank our lucky stars to have found Monterey. We can't imagine any place that would suit us better."

— David P. McAllester



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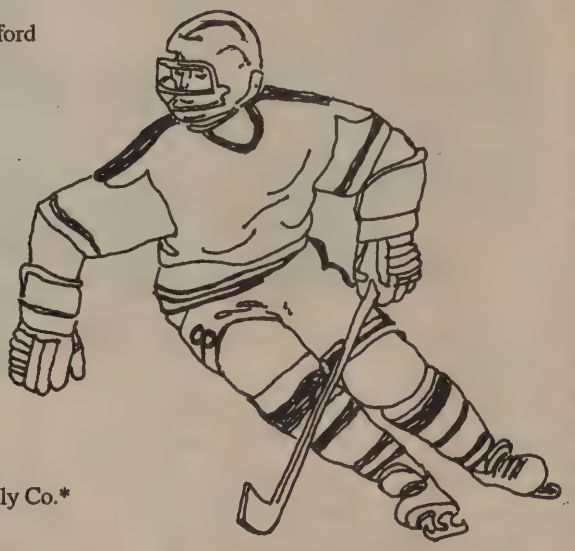

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DAVID BALDERSTON

*Edith Wilson's many friends arrive to celebrate her birthday.*

## PERSONAL NOTES

Approximately sixty people carrying banners, flowers, balloons, food, and spirit(s) paraded to **Edith Wilson**'s house one November Sunday, heartily singing Happy Birthday. Edith graciously invited all of her surprise guests into the house, and thus began a wonderful and memorable celebration of her eightieth birthday. Guests wish to thank Ann McGinley for her brainstorm of an idea, and Edith for being the good sport character that she is.

DAVID BALDERSTON

*Edith at her party.*

Our hearty congratulations to **Jen Brown**, who was among the honorees at a convocation ceremony at Berkshire Community College for being among the top five percent of the student body. A student must achieve a grade point average of 3.75 or better to be so honored. Wow! Great work, Jen!

And congratulations to **Joshua Aerie**, recent winner of the Voice of Democracy contest at Monument Mountain Regional High School. Josh wrote and then presented a speech on the subject to the faculty at Monument, and has now qualified as a state finalist. An accomplished cellist, Josh also auditioned for and was selected to the Western Mass. Regional Orchestra, thus earning a chance to audition for All State in January.

And hats off to **Arianna Aerie**, a seventh grader at Searles who recently auditioned for the South County Youth Chorus, and became a member. Deservedly proud parents of Josh and Arianna are Cliff and Jan Aerie of Main Road.

Very happy birthday wishes to **Stefan Grotz** on December 1, to **Matthew Christopher** on December 2, to **Graham** and

**Madigan Hines** on December 3, to **Elizabeth Deloy, Walter Andersen**, and **Karen Schulze** on December 5, to **Simon Spagnoletti** on December 7, to **Mike Mielke III** on December 8, to **Natasha Grotz** on December 12, to **Stacy Ingher** on December 20, to **Donald Amstead** on December 25, and to **Eloisa Shapiro Dean** and **Eliana Gottlieb Schulze** on December 27.

Wishing one and all a warm and joyous holiday season.

Please continue to share your news items—travels, accomplishments, birthdays, etc. Your contributions are truly appreciated. Simply give me a call at 528-4519, or jot down your news item and drop it in the mail to me, just Route 23. Thanks so much!

— Stephanie Grotz

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*After the leaves are down, wild clematis* (Clematis virginiana) *displays the fluff that carries its seed.*

## MARY PEARSON

A graveside memorial service was conducted at Corashire Cemetery on October 22 by the Rev. James S. Chase of Mount Washington for Mary Pearson, 82, of Art School Road, who died at home on Thursday, October 7.

She was born in Brooklyn, New York, on April 9, 1911, daughter of Frank H. and Elizabeth Mary Neil Moses. She went to local schools in Brooklyn before moving to Monterey in the early 1940s.

Mrs. Pearson was on the Board of Directors of the national Farm, Home and Garden Club, and was also a member of the U. S. Garden Club. She traveled widely in the Northeast on Club business, and enjoyed gardening and cooking for her grandchildren and great grandchildren.

In 1931 she married James Crawford Pearson, who died in June of 1987. Mrs. Pearson leaves her son, James Crawford Pearson Jr., of Long Island, New York; a daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Gates, of Lee; a brother, Herbert Moses, of New Jersey; three grandchildren and four great grandchildren.

Memorial donations may be made to the Lee Visiting Nurse Association, in care of Finnerty and Stevens Funeral Home, Great Barrington.

## JONAS REED KLEIN

Jonas Reed Klein, eighteen, of Main Road, died on Sunday, November 21, 1993 in an airplane crash in Northampton. He graduated from Northfield-Mount Hermon School last June, and went to Massachusetts Institute of Technology this fall, where he was a freshman. He was the son of Victoria B. Reed of Main Road and the late Elliot Alan Klein, who also perished in the accident. A memorial service at a later date is being planned by the family and friends, who will also establish an educational fund in Jonas' memory.

# VOXED

## Dark Light Bulbs

From my point of view, the breakup of AT&T occurred in the upper atmosphere of corporate law and government, out of sight. The visible fallout reached earth in the form of proliferating telephones. So many types, functions, styles, qualities, prices—so many phones: you buy one, it stops working, and you buy another to cover the interval while the first is being repaired mail order; then there are two, so you might as well have one in the outhouse, etc., etc. Cordless phones are best. You can walk from room to room doing little chores while you talk. If conditions are right, this increases conversational intimacy by drawing the other person into your space, beyond the actual telephone line. It's a good way to combat the grubbiness of call waiting.

I am at my desk in the shop late one afternoon, no one else around. The machines are quiet and the dust has settled. The phone rings. I zip out the antenna.

"Mr. Murkett?" A friendly woman's voice—but not a greeting that makes my heart leap.

"Yes?"

"This is Darlene at Handicapped Industries? You ordered some bulbs from us last year, but not for some time now, and our representative *has* contacted you, so I'm calling to see if there's some problem?"

This is a tough question, and not just because two seconds earlier the whole subject was about as far from my mind as Pluto. I did buy some bulbs once. Another friendly, personable voice made me do it, a man that time, in Dallas—he said. I guess the bulbs were okay—I mean, they were just bulbs, but there *are* some things I want to discuss with Handicapped Industries, although maybe not now. The last time they called, I said I wasn't planning to order bulbs again. He said, "'kay have a good day heah?" all in one breath, and it was done with before I lost my focus on whatever I was doing when the damned phone rang. I put it out of my mind.

"Problem? Well, the bulbs worked all right. At least, I don't remember a problem. But most of my lights run on DC current, and—"

"Because you *can* send them back, you know. We guarantee free replacement of any bulb. I mean, if you drop it? Look, even if you throw it on the floor, just send it back, and we'll replace it."

I've already started wandering, and out in the shop I pull up one of the low stools to hunker down in front of the woodstove, doors open, staring at the fire. "Where are you?"

"Me? I'm in Tulsa, sir."

"So what's the weather like? I'll probably have your weather in another day or so."

Sounds of movement on her end, over the sound of the other voices in what I see as being one large room "There's blue sky out there now, Mr. Murkett, but it's cold. I know that."

"You've got windows, then?"

"Well, yes, but they're behind me, and not that close, so I'm not always sure what it's like outside."

"It's not the bulbs, Darlene. Thing is, after I ordered the bulbs that time, I didn't feel so good. That word 'handicapped' plays on my sympathies, you know what I mean? A voice over the phone, a few chosen words, and you've got me thinking of someone worse off, who needs help, who's in trouble where I'm not—and, Damn, it works! I want to help out, shake your hand and wish you good luck. But really, what do I know? Maybe the boss drives up in his Cadillac once a month to fire a few good people, then roars off to the bank in a cloud of Tulsa dust, and you have to put up with it, because where else you gonna work? I mean, in this economy, right? Worse still, maybe there's no fat cat between you and me. Maybe it's just you, your rap, your telephone, and a closet full of bulbs in labeled boxes. You bike over to the deli for lunch, say hi to all your pals, then go back to working the phone for a few more hours. What do I know? So I wrote a letter, which is what certain people will do in these situations, smart or stupid as it may be. I sent it in with my check, and said I wanted to know more about the company, like who gets paid what, who works, what the handicaps are, the employee turnover—stuff like that. I said if they didn't write back, I wouldn't buy any more bulbs. Of course I never heard. Just writing the letter gave me the true feeling for what was up—not a good feeling. It's not my nature to be a hardass—excuse my language—but I do hate to be a chump, Darlene. You know what I mean? Darlene, you still there?"

"Oh yes, Mr. Murkett, I understand what you're saying. You might be surprised the number of people that want to know these things."

"So if your boss wants to sell bulbs, why doesn't he write? It is 'he,' isn't it?"

"Write? I guess we're just used to the telephone, is all. See what happens is, some of us—I'm one—make special calls, where maybe a person has stopped ordering, but they used to? Well, I should explain. Callers make minimum wage—what is it, $4.35?—except that if they sell more than 200 units in a week, then they make eight dollars. And after that, you can be put on Specials, like me, to bring back a former customer? In a good week, I make around fifteen dollars, which is not bad, if you ask me."

It's dark out now, at about four o'clock. I'm standing with my back to the stove, soaking up radiated heat. "Yeah, not bad. Sounds like you work pretty hard at this. Do they give you a break?"

"Oh, sure. We get a fifteen minute break every three hours. And if someone has a bad back, they can get up to stretch, or walk around—whatever. It's really not as bad as you might think here."

I take the stove heat and telephone with me as I go downstairs and walk a short distance away from the shop, leaving the door open. I look back at the building; incandescent light hugs the windows and the open door. The woods are dark.

"You're good at your job, Darlene. God knows I'd never be able to make a living at what you do."

"Oh, if push came to shove, you might be better at this than you could ever imagine, Mr. Murkett. I used to be a waitress, which I really liked, because I like people, but then I started having problems with my legs, and I can barely walk anymore. I didn't always work here, but it's okay. My husband works here, too."

The sky is clear, and the air still. Orion is not up yet. "It's dark here."

"You're in Maine, right?"

"Massachusetts." Maybe I've wandered a little too far: the line's getting staticky

"Excuse me? I think we're losing the connection. You want me to send you some bulbs, Mr. Murkett?"

"Not this time. I'm glad you like your job, and do well at it, and I know it's only thirty bucks, but then, every thirty-dollar thing makes five hundred before you know it, right? Call me another time."

"Okay, I'll do that. Nice talking to you, Mr. Murkett."

"Happy New Year, Darlene. Good luck."

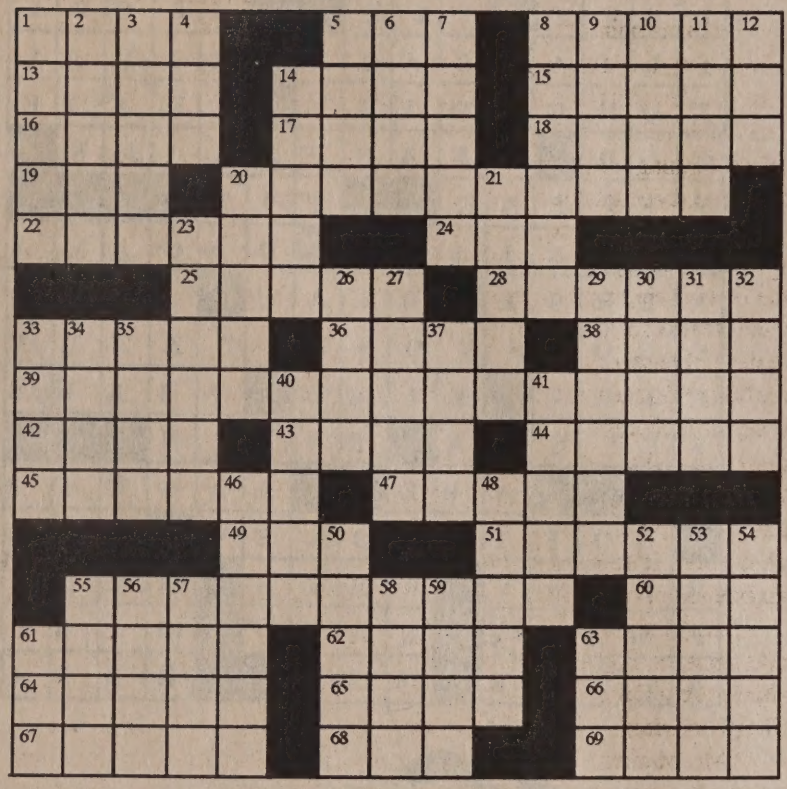
By now I'm cold, and I zip the antenna back into the set going up the stairs, then zip it out again right away, standing next to the stove. It's not yet five. Better Business Bureau in Boston leads to the office of the same name in Phoenix, where the company's headquarters are. The woman on the Better Business phone out there reads me a long report on Handicapped Industries. Turns out that Bruce Holley, Inc. (some sort of DBA for Handicapped Industries) runs a private company for profit "which may employ some handicapped persons in telemarketing," and was the object of a civil suit brought in 1992 by Attorney General Campbell of Iowa, who sought to block Holley from representing his company "as any kind of handicapped organization." Campbell described Holley's claims as being "not only deceptive to consumers, but also unfair to legitimate charities which are forced to compete with con artists for charitable donations." In paying an $18,000 court settlement, Holley admitted no wrongdoing.

I try to bring back the regular work day that was winding down so nicely an hour ago, but it's gone. I wonder where on the long list of charitable human impulses to place Attorney General Campbell's fight to save consumer chumps from themselves, and true-blue charitable institutions from competition with con artists. Upper middle, maybe. I bet the guy works very hard, and gets well paid. I'm quits for the day—time to walk home. Maybe Orion's up now, hunting.

— Peter Murkett

## WHAT AM I DOING?

By Ted Tchack



### ACROSS

1 Loony
5 Distant
8 Area in old Athens
13 "Essays by ____"
14 Tropic isle
15 Enemy
16 Chinese society
17 Cassini
18 Box
19 Finish
20 Summer toys
22 Take the lead again
24 Metal
25 Newspaper name
28 Explorer Vasco
33 Poetry
36 Boyfriend
38 Hebrew month
39 WHAT AM I DOING?
42 Stream
43 Fashion magazine
44 Armstrong et al
45 Moon goddess
47 Finally in Paris
49 Exist
51 Forest worker
55 Quiet
60 Nabakov heroine
61 Pay
62 Steve's partner
63 Final notice
64 Rousseau title
65 Direction
66 Chef's term
67 Teeth user
68 Draft org.
69 Thereabouts

### DOWN

1 Prevent
2 Singly
3 Locates
4 Name
5 White House dog
6 Man's name
7 Conservative
8 Secrets
9 Lassie
10 Track
11 Pests
12 Quaff
14 South Africans
20 Packages
21 Raise the ante
23 Adornment
26 Coin from 8 across
27 Ms Mesta
29 Staring
30 Wood tool
31 Shopping area
32 God of war
33 TV adjuncts
34 Canal
35 Turn
37 Arab state
40 Has on
41 Labor group
46 Criticize
48 Quick
50 Swords
52 Zsa Zsa
53 Rewrites
54 Math term
55 Half
56 Skip
57 Row
58 Rooms in a harem
59 Osculate
61 Southerner
63 Spanish gold

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLE

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|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| D | A | F | T | ■ | F | A | R | ■ | ■ | A | G | O | R | A |
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| T | O | N | G | ■ | O | L | E | G | ■ | C | R | A | T | E |
| E | N | D | ■ | B | E | A | C | H | B | A | L | L | S | ■ |
| R | E | S | T | A | R | ■ | ■ | T | I | N | ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ |
| ■ | ■ | ■ | A | L | S | O | P | ■ | D | A | G | A | M | A |
| V | E | R | S | E | ■ | B | E | A | U | ■ | A | D | A | R |
| C | R | O | S | S | W | O | R | D | P | U | Z | Z | L | E |
| R | I | L | L | ■ | E | L | L | E | ■ | N | I | E | L | S |
| S | E | L | E | N | A | ■ | E | N | F | I | N | ■ | ■ | ■ |
| ■ | ■ | ■ | ■ | A | R | E | ■ | ■ | L | O | G | G | E | R |
| ■ | S | O | F | T | S | P | O | K | E | N | ■ | A | D | A |
| R | E | M | I | T | ■ | E | D | I | E | ■ | O | B | I | T |
| E | M | I | L | E | ■ | E | A | S | T | ■ | R | O | T | I |
| B | I | T | E | R | ■ | S | S | S | ■ | ■ | O | R | S | O |

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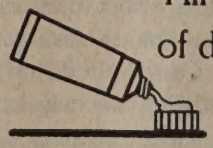

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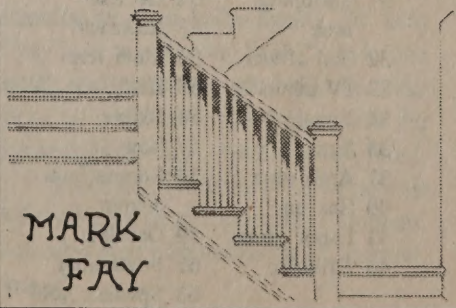

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# CALENDAR

**Saturday, December 4** Members Only Holiday Open House Party, The Bidwell House, 2-5 p.m.

**Sunday, December 5** Public invited to view decorations at The Bidwell House, 12 noon-4 p.m. Admission charged.

**Saturday, December 11** Square and Contra Dance, New England style, at the Sheffield Grange, Route 7, Sheffield, Mass., 8:30-11:30 p.m. Beginners and children welcome. All dances taught by caller Joe Baker, music by Mountain Laurel. Refreshments served. Adults $5, children $2 to dance until intermission. Information: 413-528-9385 or 518-329-7578.

**Sunday, December 19** Eighth annual Monterey Fire Company Holiday Party, 2:30-4 p.m. at the Firehouse. Music by David Grover, magic by The Great Malvini. All welcome!

**Tuesday, December 21** Free blood pressure clinic, downstairs at Town Hall, 9-10:30 a.m.

**Saturday, December 25** No dance—Merry Christmas! from Mountain Laurel.

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We invite readers to submit news items, opinions, stories, poetry, drawings and photographs. Editorial material must reach the editor by the 15th of the month before publication. For detailed information, call the editor at 528-9937.

For changes of address, or information regarding subscription to the *Monterey News*, call Susan LePrevost, Circulation Manager, at 528-4595.

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*Contributions from local artists this month:*
*Sudi Baker, pp. 13, 19, 26, 27; Maureen Banner, pp. 3, 4, 10, 15, 17; Wayne Dunlop, p. 20; Bonner McAllester, p. 14; Riley Murkett (with Apple Macintosh), p. 16; Glynis Oliver, pp. 9, 11, 12, 19, 23, 26, 27; Edith Wilson, p. 3.*

MONTEREY NEWS
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